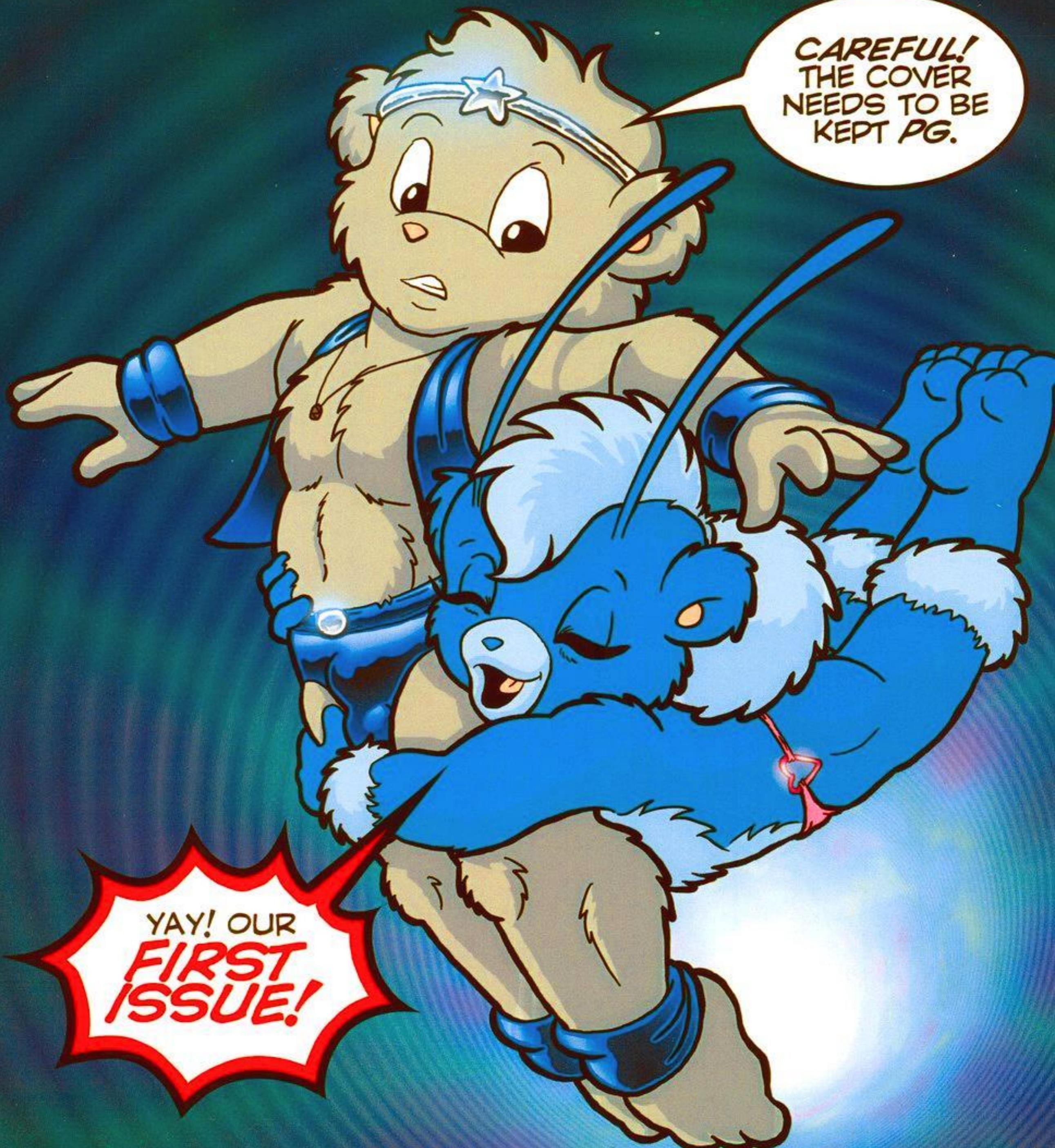


ISSUE 01

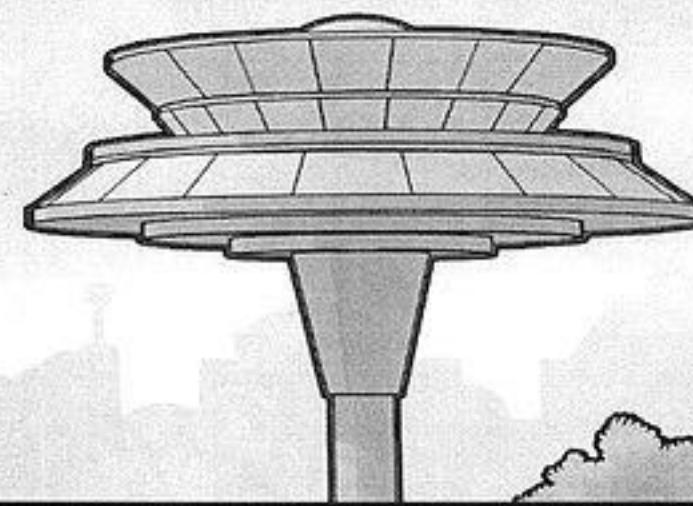
THE FUTURE STARTS NOW!

CO-BALT



ADULTS ONLY

THE SUN RISES OVER
IOPA'S CAPITAL CITY,



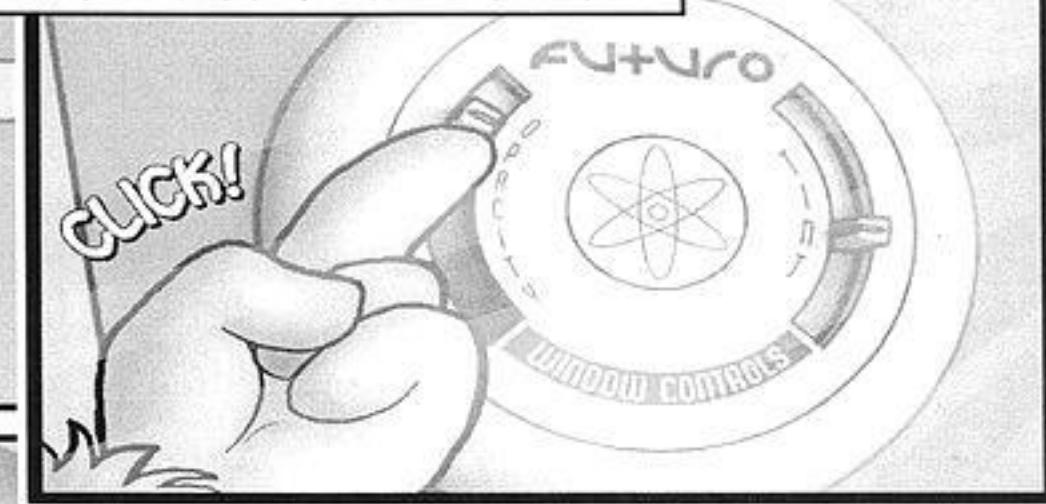
AND AN ELEVATED,
SKYPAD HOME.



WITHIN IT'S CIRCULAR
WALLS, A SMALL, BLUE
FURRED ALIEN...



...OF INDETERMINATE GENDER...

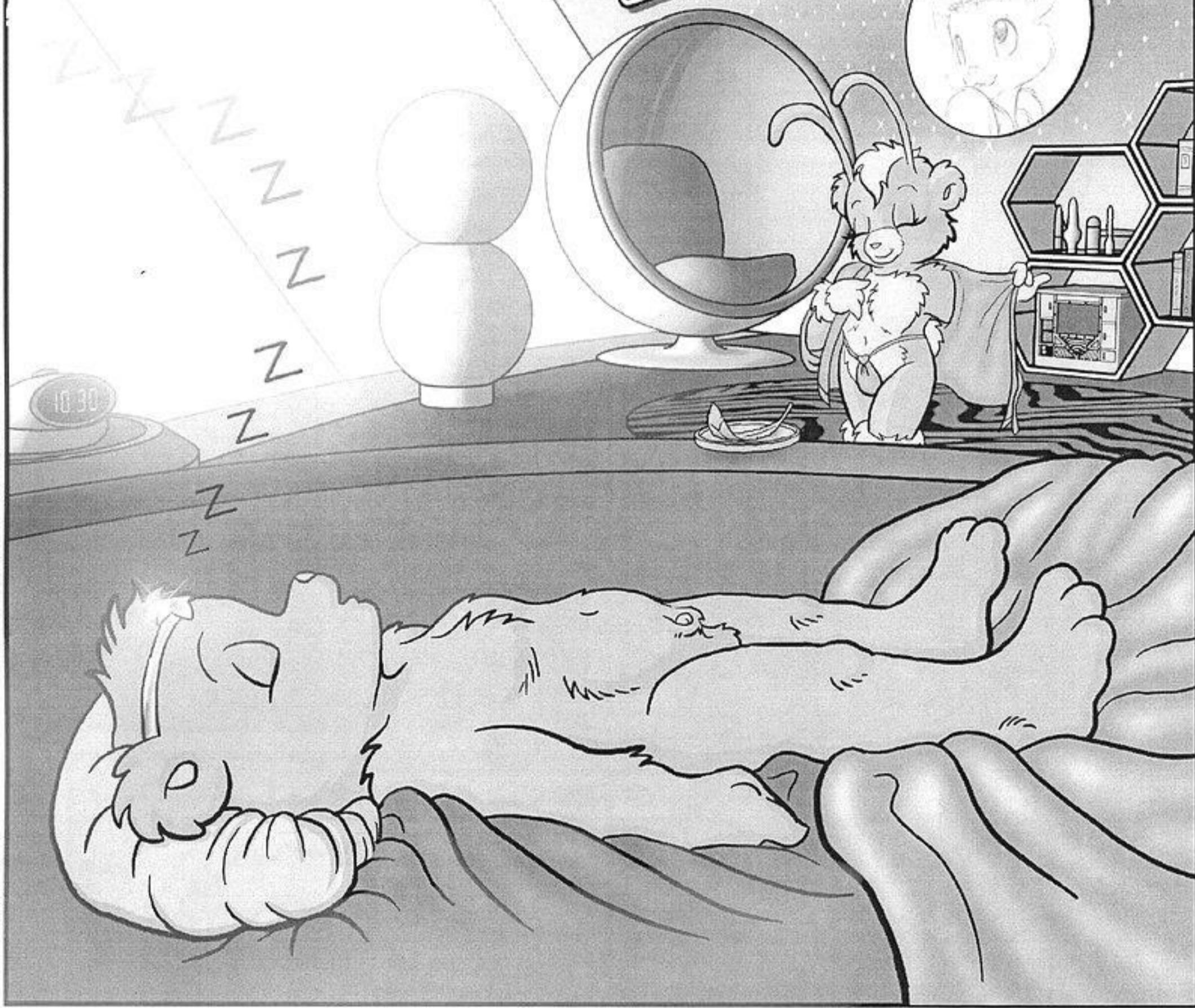


...DUTIFULLY CARRIES OUT
AN EARLY MORNING ROUTINE.



FURNATION PRESENTS:

COBALT

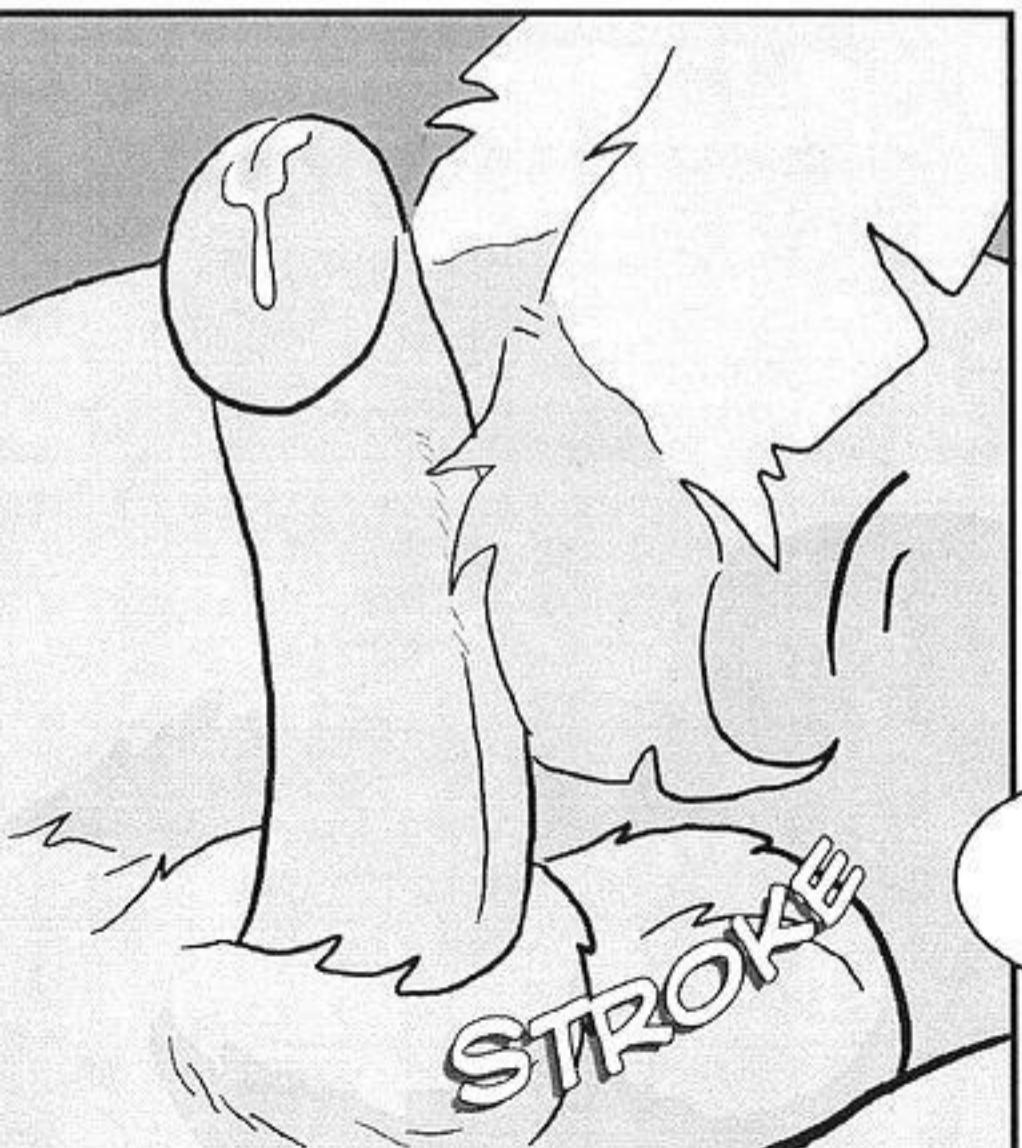
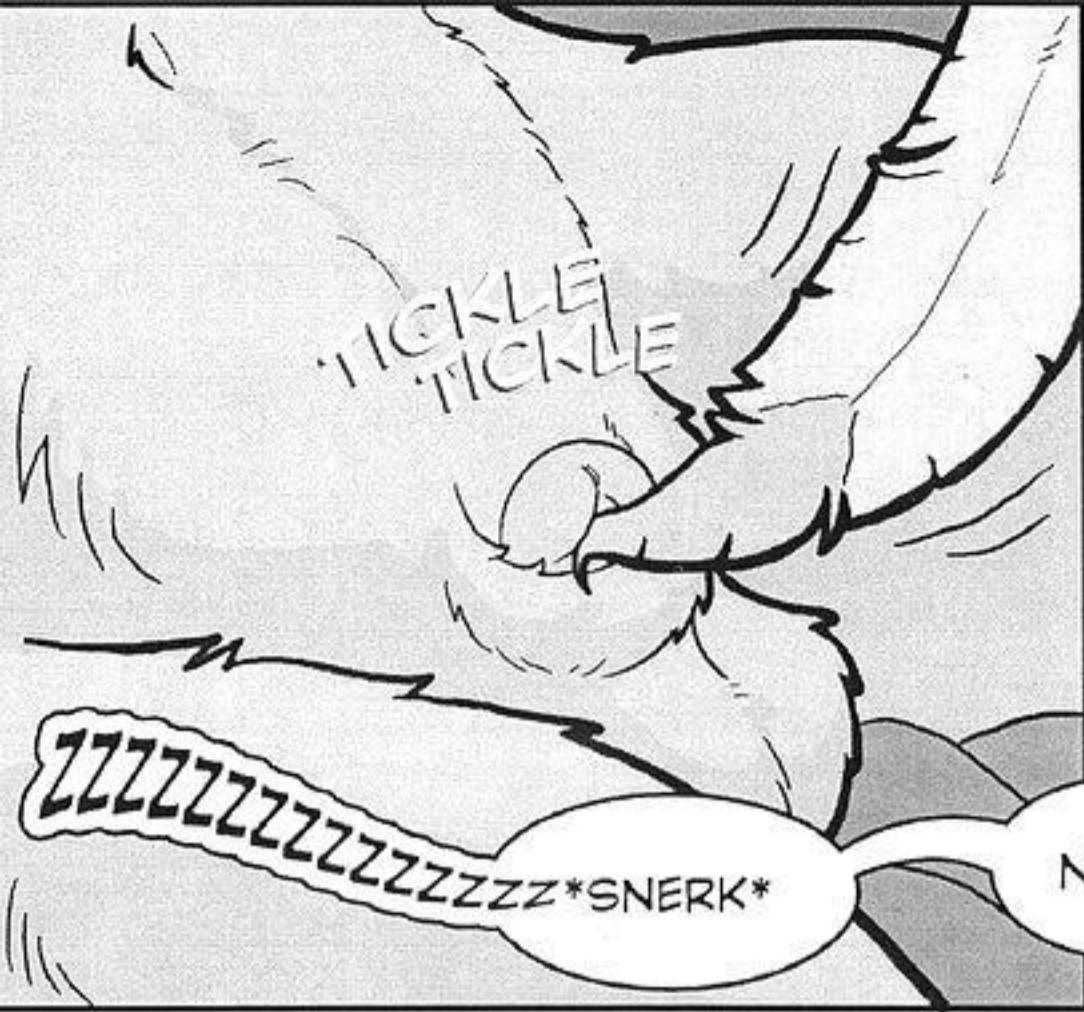


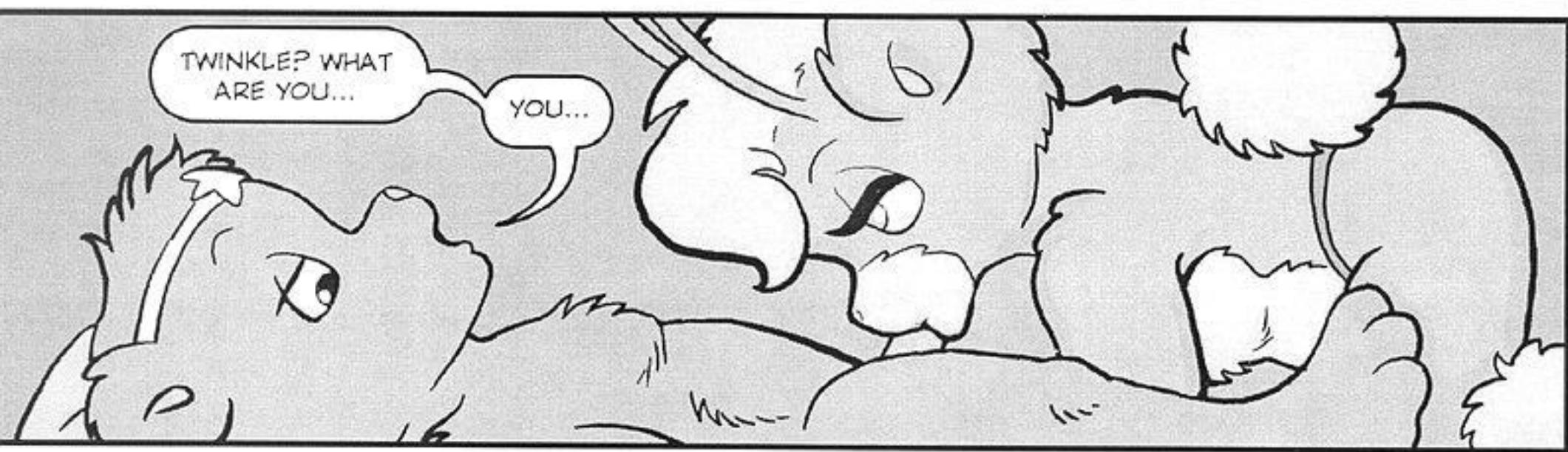
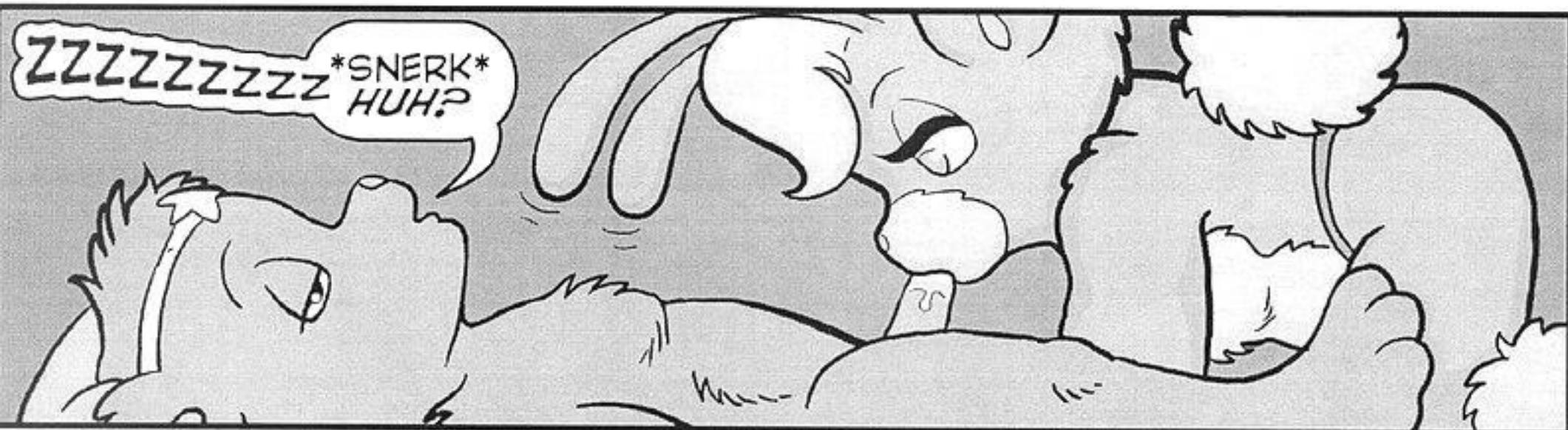
IN:

RISE AND SHINE!



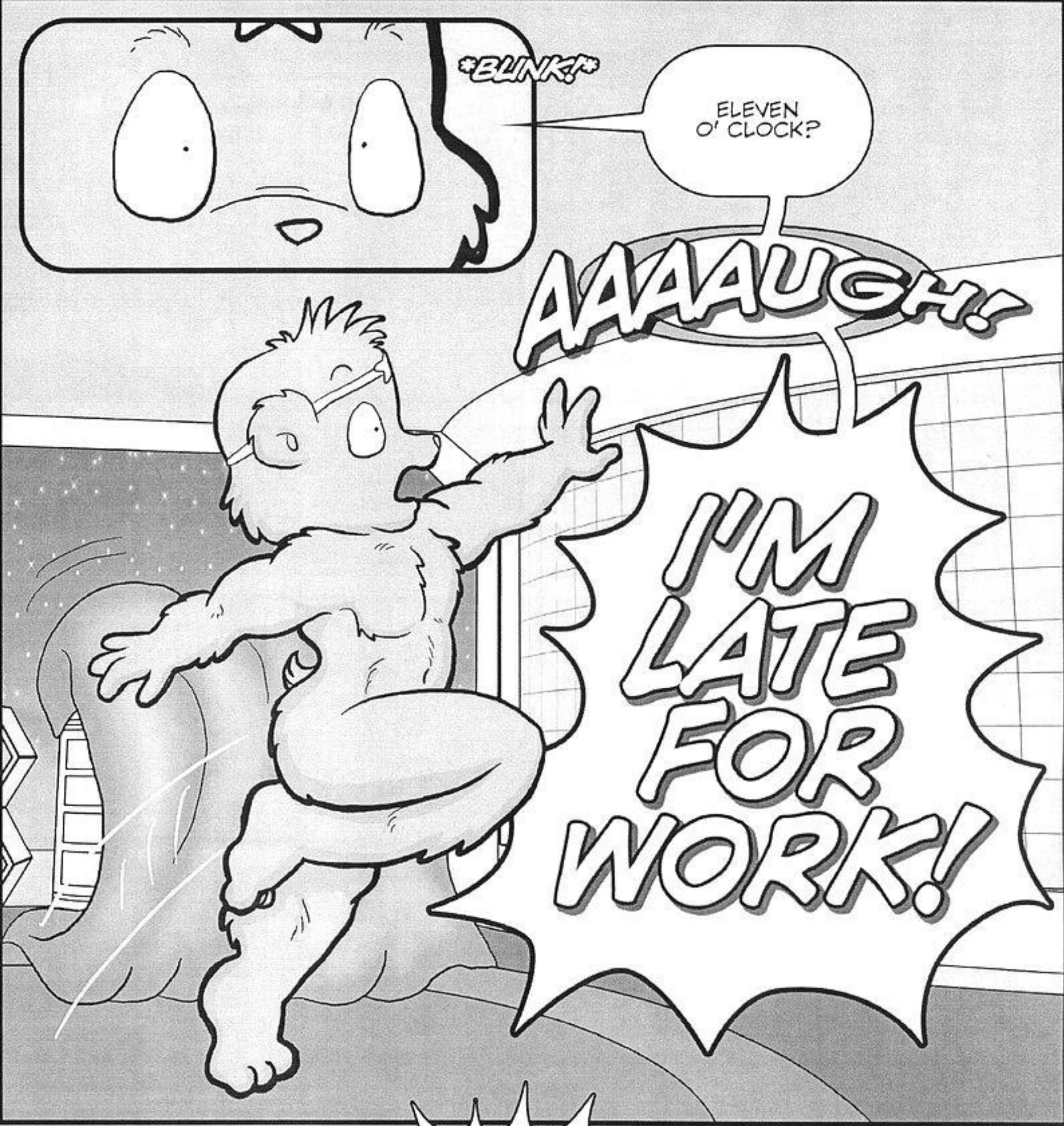
STORY AND ART CREATED BY
CHRIS SUTOR - ©2005

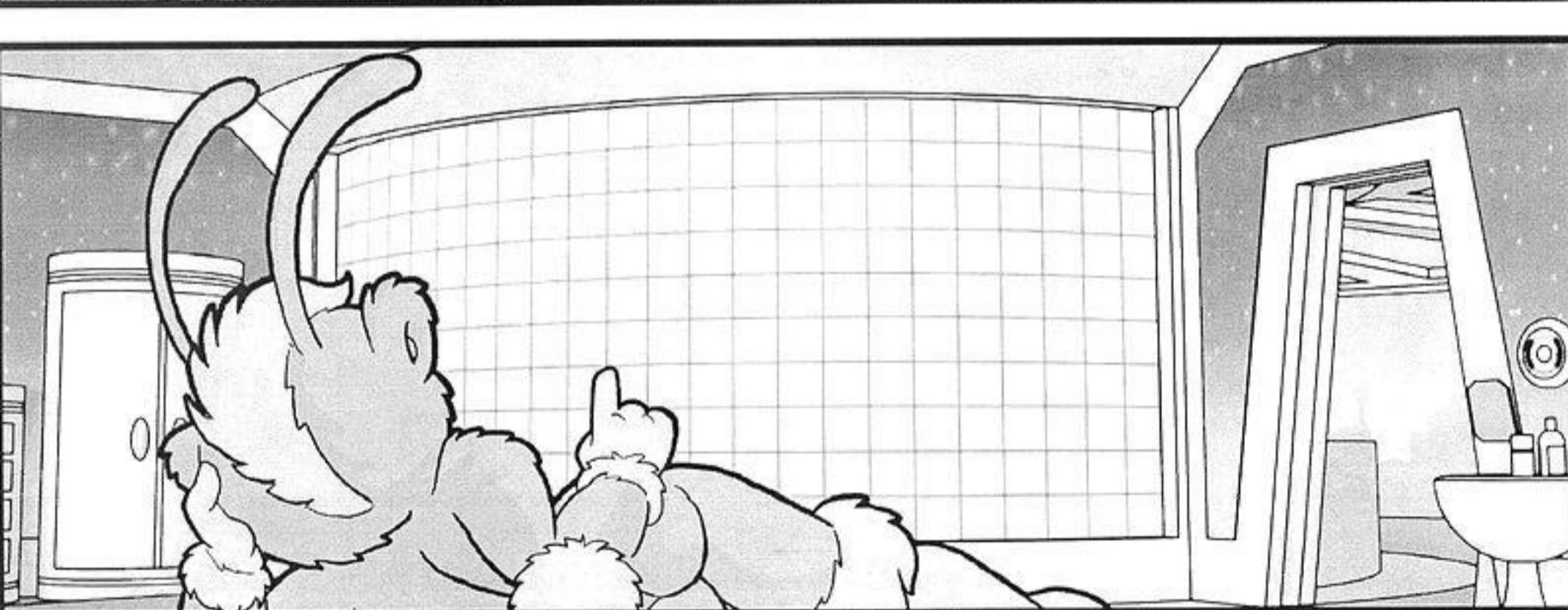
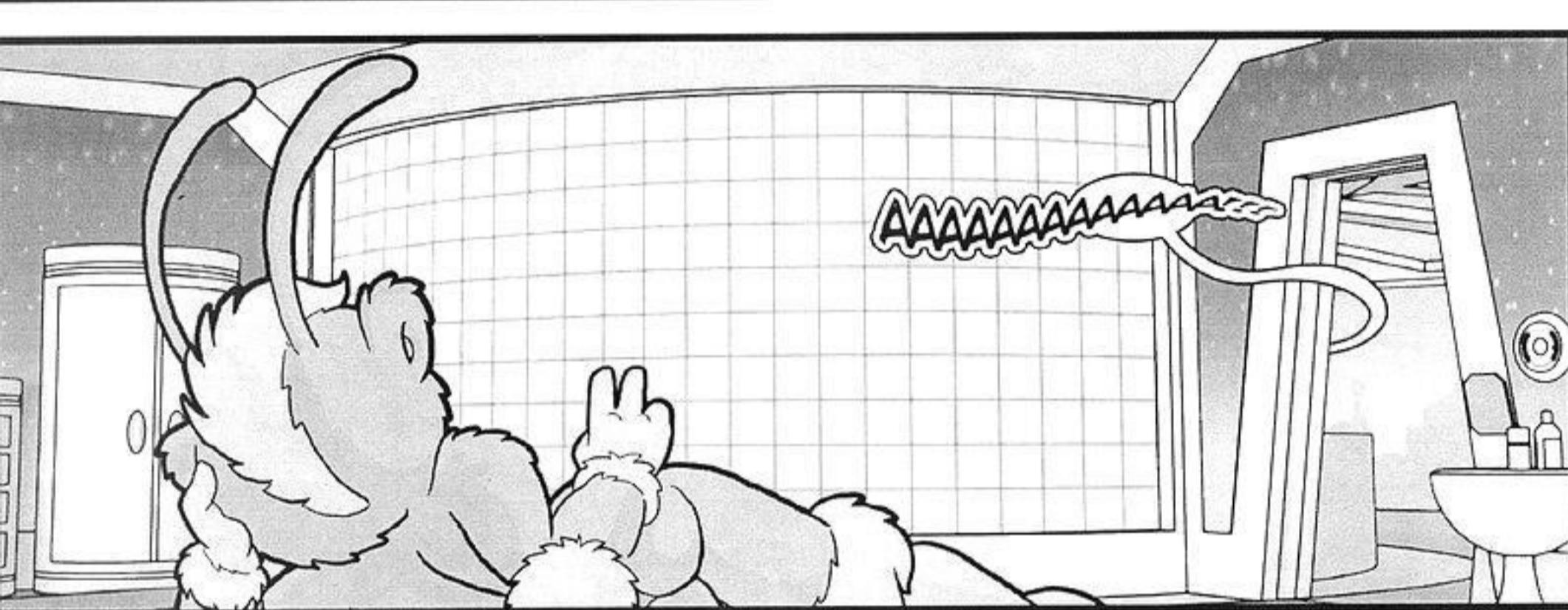


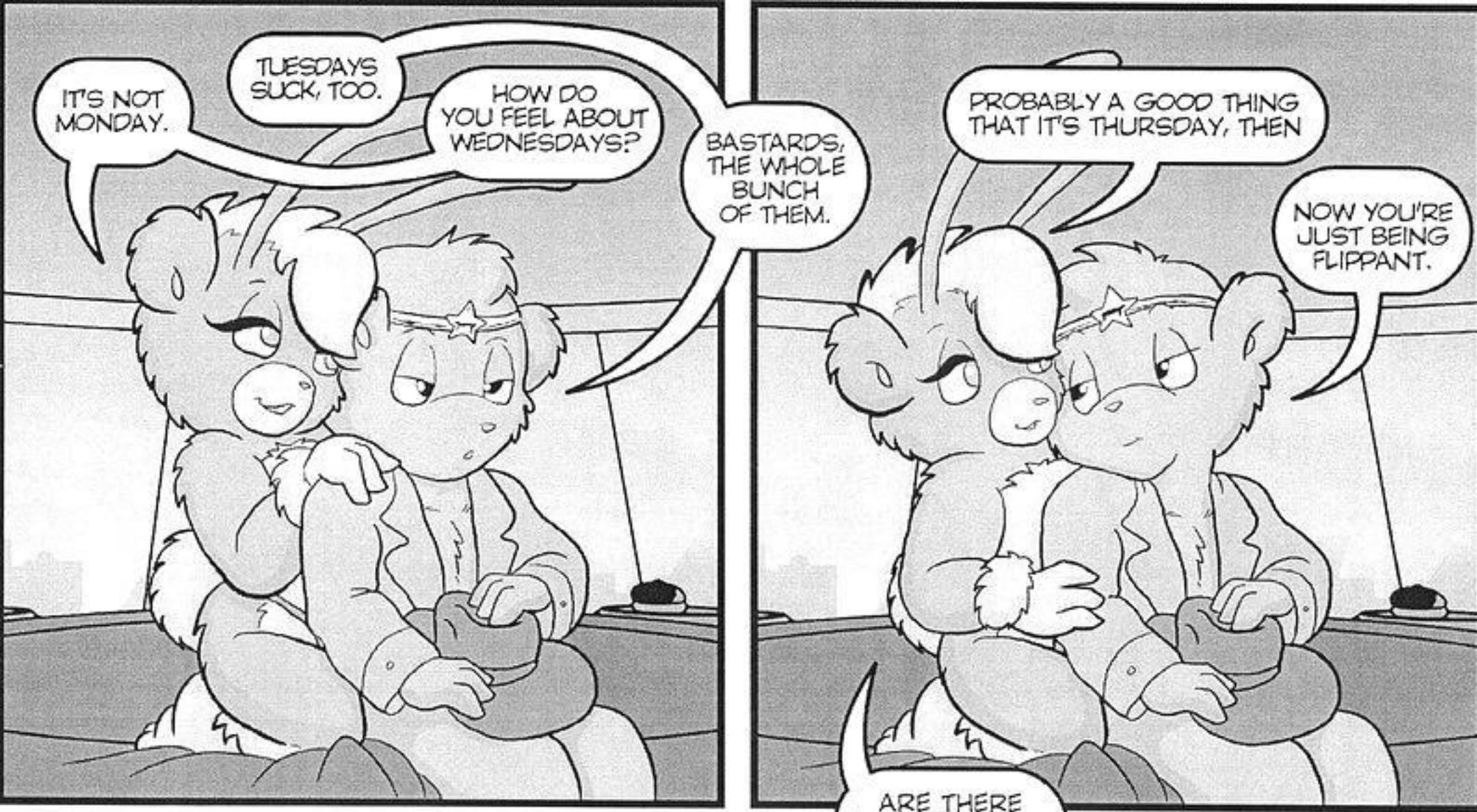












YOU GO GRAB A SHOWER WHILE I WHIP US UP A QUICK BREAKFAST, AND THEN...



...WE'LL SEND YOU ON YOUR WAY.

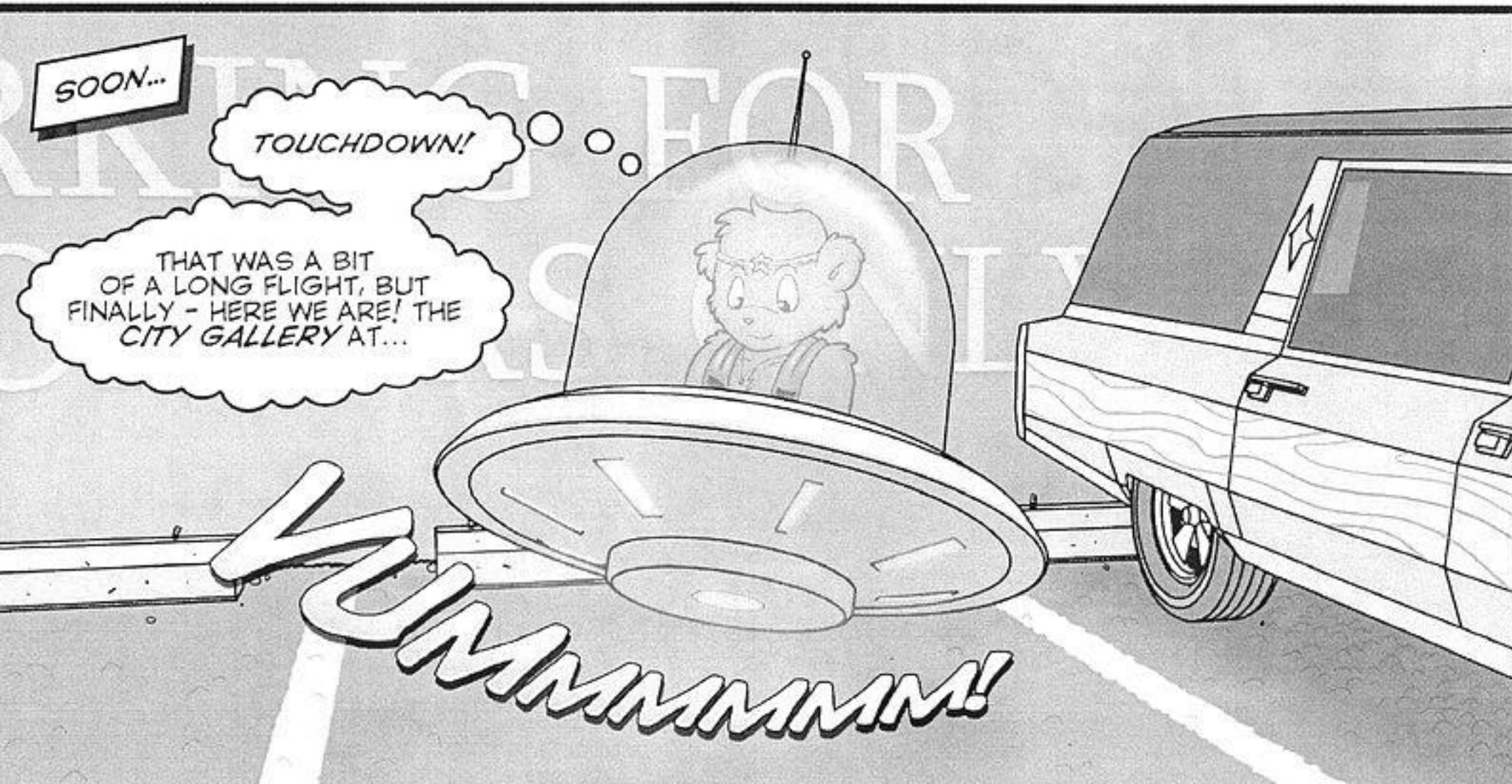
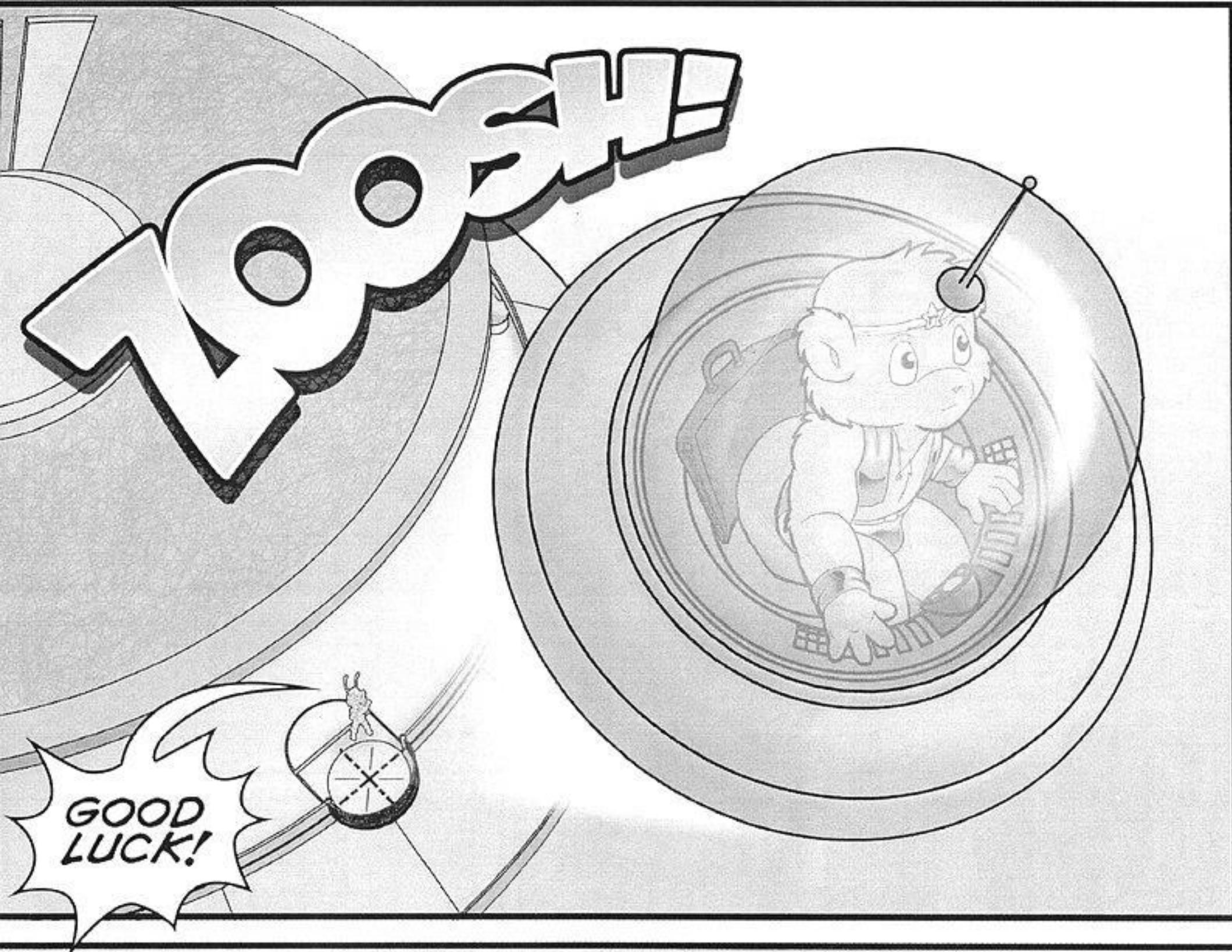
HERE'S THE CARD WITH THE ADDRESS ON IT. #7 HAZEL PATH.

KEWL! HEY, THE CITY GALLERY... THEY HAVE THAT REMBRANDT THERE, DON'T THEY?

I THINK THEY DO, YES.

WOOT! OOOOKAY, ADDRESS IS PUNCHED INTO THE NAVICOM.

STAND BACK, KIDD, I'M GONNA TAKE OFF.



PORNO HUT

LIVE NUDE UNICORNS

No. 7
HAZEL
PATH
322-5523

LUBE
49
FLAVORS

...NUMBER SEVEN,
HAZEL PATH.

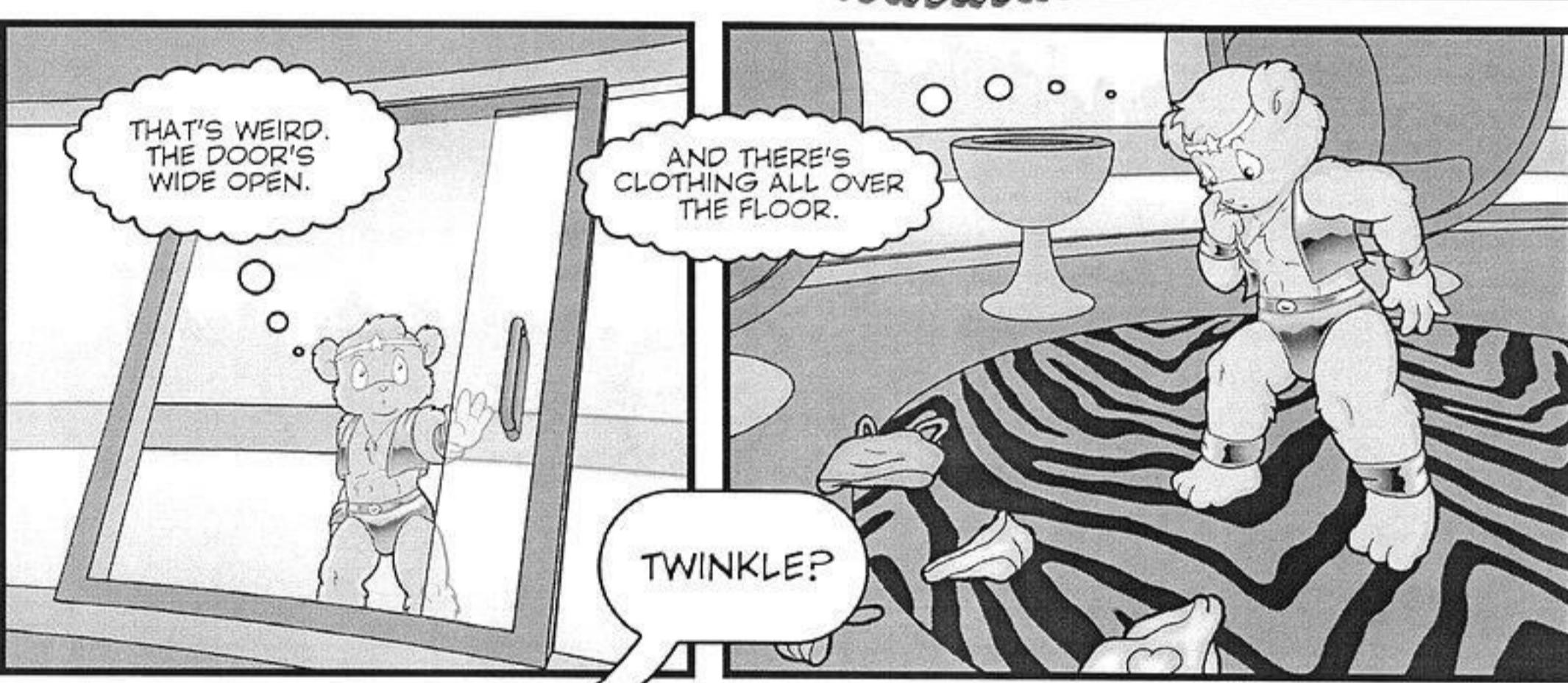
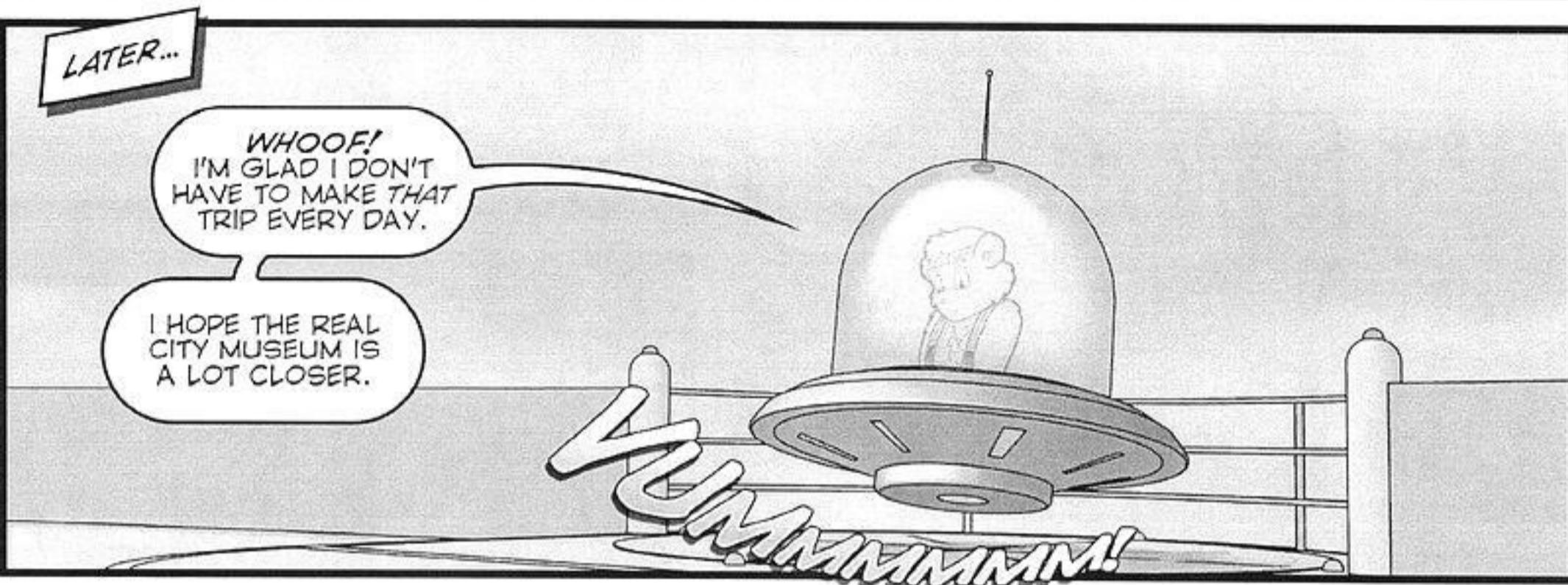
UH-OH.



THIS OBVIOUSLY
ISN'T THE CITY GALLERY.
I WONDER IF TWINKLE
GOT THE ADDRESS
WRONG OR...

OOH...
FIVE
SPEEDS.





HELLO, COBALT.
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED
THAT WILD GOOSE CHASE
I SENT YOU ON.

SORRY TO GET
YOUR HOPES UP ABOUT
A NONEXISTANT SHOW AT
THE CITY GALLERY, BUT IT
WAS NECESSARY TO GET
YOU OUT OF THE WAY.

AS YOU CAN SEE,
IT GAVE ME PLENTY OF
TIME TO BREACH YOUR
DEFENSES, AND TAKE
YOUR SERVANT
PRISONER.

WHAT?
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHAT'S THAT MACHINE?

MY NAME IS PLEASURE.
AS FOR YOUR OTHER TWO
QUESTIONS, ALLOW ME TO
EXPLAIN A LITTLE SOMETHING
ABOUT FOOZLE ANATOMY.

AS YOU ARE PROBABLY AWARE, WE FOOZLES CAN CHANGE OUR GENDER AT WILL. THIS IS BECAUSE WE WERE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED TO BE LIVING SEX TOYS.

BUT WHAT YOU MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN IS, THAT OUR DESIGNER IMBUED US WITH A FAR GREATER NUMBER OF EROGENOUS ZONES THAN ANY NATURAL BEING HAS.

OUR SECONDARY SEXUAL ZONES INCLUDE SUCH AREAS AS THE PALMS OF THE HANDS, THE SOLES OF THE FEET THE ANTENNAE, EVEN OUR LARGE PUFFY TAILS CAN BE SEXUALLY STIMULATED.

HOWEVER, THEY CANNOT BE STIMULATED ENOUGH TO PROVIDE AN ORGASM.

WE WERE DESIGNED THAT WAY, TO KEEP US IN A CONSTANT STATE OF AROUSAL.

THAT MACHINE STIMULATES ALL OF A FOOZLE'S SECONDARY SEXUAL REGIONS AT ONCE.

IT KEEPS THE OCCUPANT RIGHT AT THE BRINK OF AN ORGASM BUT NEVER LETS THEM REACH IT.

IN THE SHORT TERM IT CAN BE QUITE MADDENING. YOUR FOOZLE HAS BEEN IN THE MACHINE ALL DAY.

I THINK SHE'S ABOUT READY TO CRACK.

UH-HUH. AND THE POINT OF ALL THIS IS...?

I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT WAS OBVIOUS! I HAVE TAKEN YOUR FOOZLE PRISONER. I AM BENDING HER WILL TO MY OWN, AND IF YOU WANT HER FREED, YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY **SURRENDER!**

UH-HUH. RIGHT. LET ME SEE IF I HAVE THIS STRAIGHT.

YOU TRICK ME INTO LEAVING, WITH A STORY ABOUT A PHONY GALLERY OPENING, SO YOU CAN SNEAK IN HERE, AND CAPTURE TWINKLE, BY PUTTING HER INTO SOME KIND OF KINKY BONDAGE MACHINE, WHICH IS PLEASURING HER, IN WAYS THAT ONLY A FOOZLE CAN BE PLEASURED, AND NOW, I'M SUPPOSED TO "SURRENDER" IN ORDER TO GET HER OUT OF IT. IS THAT THE BASIC GIST OF THINGS?

EXACTLY!

THAT IS THE DUMBEST EVIL PLAN I HAVE EVER HEARD. DID YOU PUT ANY THOUGHT INTO THIS AT ALL?

HOW DARE YOU!?! I PUT A LOT OF TIME, PREPARATION AND EFFORT INTO THIS PLAN! IT'S A WORK OF PURE EVIL GENIUS!

PFT. WHATEVER. IT LOOKS KINDA HALF ASSED, TO ME.

OH YEAH? WELL WHAT ABOUT THIS, BUDDY? READ IT AND WEEP!

ALRIGHTY. LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE. HMM... ACTUALLY, THIS DOES LOOK PRETTY IN-DEPTH. FULL-COLOR CHARTS AND GRAPHS PLOTTING FEASIBILITY. DEMOGRAPHIC CURVES. AND IS THIS AN ECOLOGICAL IMPACT STUDY ON PAGE EIGHT?

YES!

WELL JEEZ, I GUESS I WAS WRONG. LOOKS LIKE I DON'T STAND A CHANCE.

YOU'VE EVEN GOT IT IN A
PLASTIC BINDER-FOLDER FROM
STAPLE DEPOT™

THO, WAIT A SEC.
WHERE'S PAGE
SEVENTEEN?

IT'S BETWEEN
PAGES SIXTEEN
AND EIGHTEEN.

NO, IT'S NOT
IN HERE.

LET ME
SEE THAT!

CURSE THOSE
STUPID COPY SHOP
SLACKERS! IT MUST BE
IN HERE SOMEWHERE!
HANG ON WHILE I
LOOK FOR IT.

QUICK, WHILE
SHE'S DISTRACTED....
ARE YOU OKAY?

MOAN SHE
WASN'T KIDDING
ABOUT THIS MACHINE.
IT HAS ME RIGHT ON
THE EDGE OF ORGASM
BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO GET OFF.

WHERE'S THE
RELEASE SWITCH?

THERE ISN'T ONE.
IT'S AUTOMATIC.
IT ONLY RELEASES
WHEN IT SENSES
AN ORGASM.

GOOD THING
YOUR PUMP IS
ALREADY WELL
PRIMED, THEN.

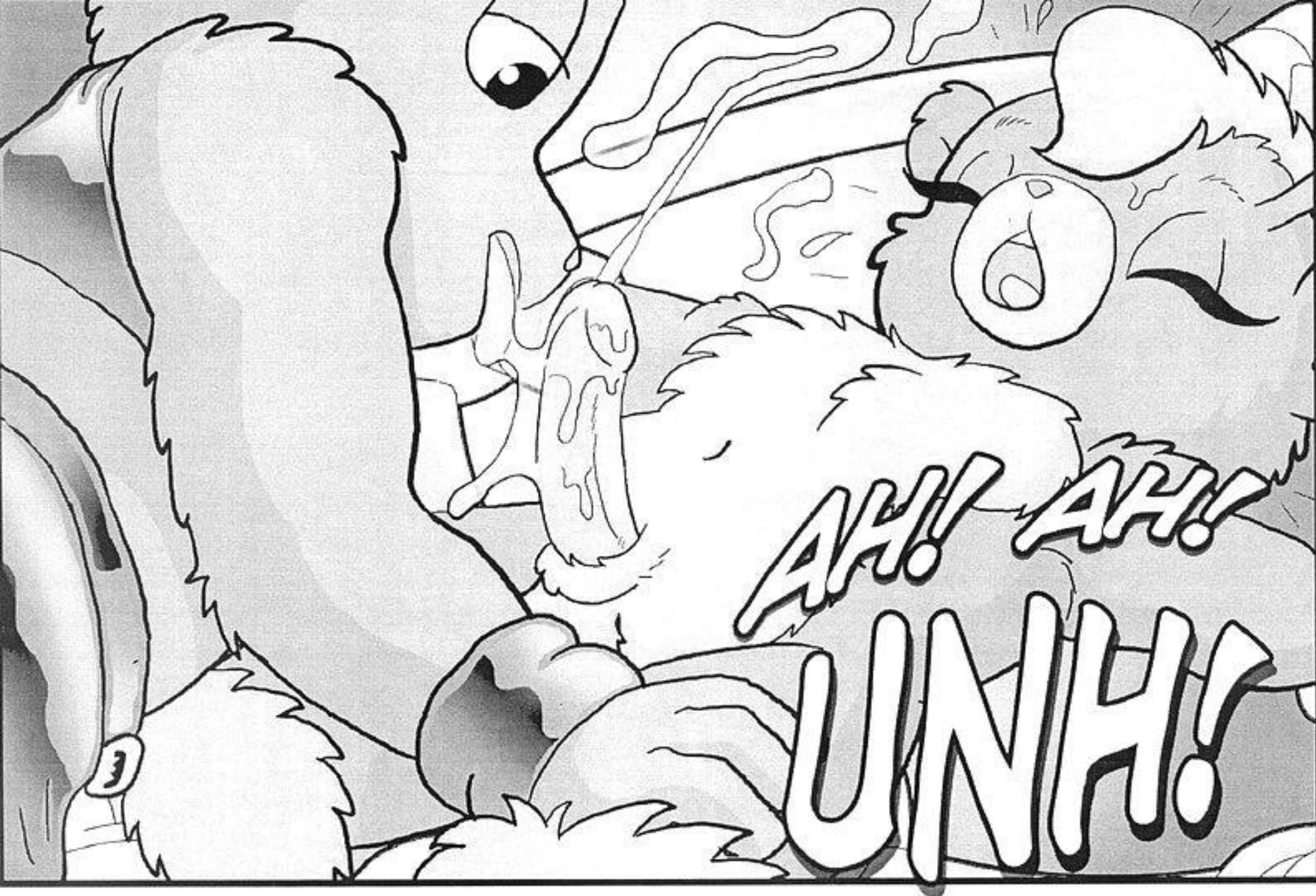
OOH!

AH!

AH!

AH!

AH!



NOW, WHAT
SHOULD WE DO
WITH OUR LITTLE
TROUBLEMAKER,
TWINKLE?

OH, I HAVE
AN IDEA.

AND SO:

GOOD IDEA,
TWINKLE. I LIKE
THE WAY THAT
YOU THINK.

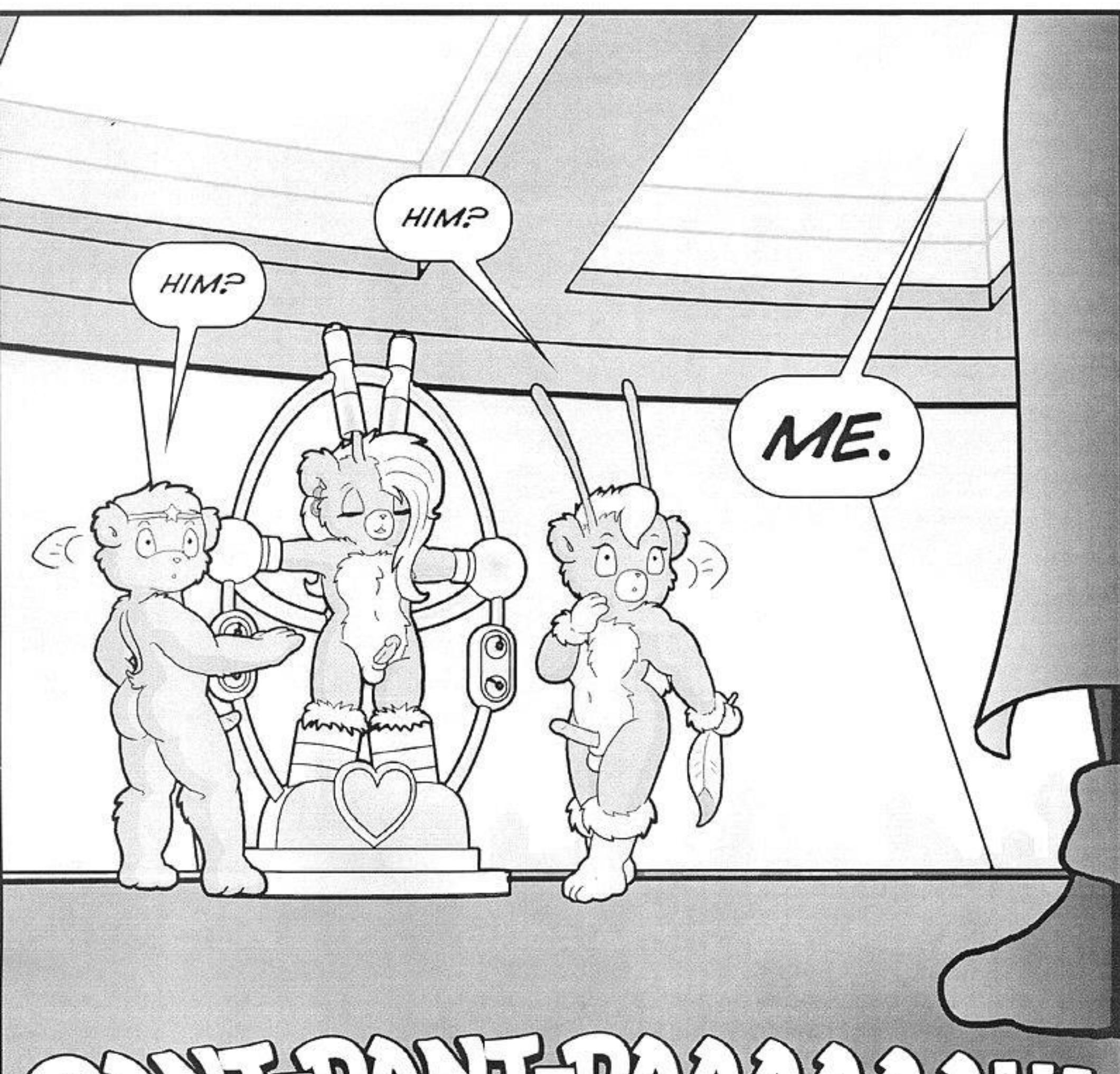
THANKS.

OKAY NOW,
"PLEASURE"
I THINK IT'S TIME
YOU TOLD US
WHAT YOU'RE
REALLY
DOING HERE.

GASP
ALRIGHT, I
ADMIT IT. I WAS
ONLY SENT HERE
AS A DISTRACTION.
I WAS SUPPOSED
TO KEEP YOU
BUSY.

WHO SENT
YOU?

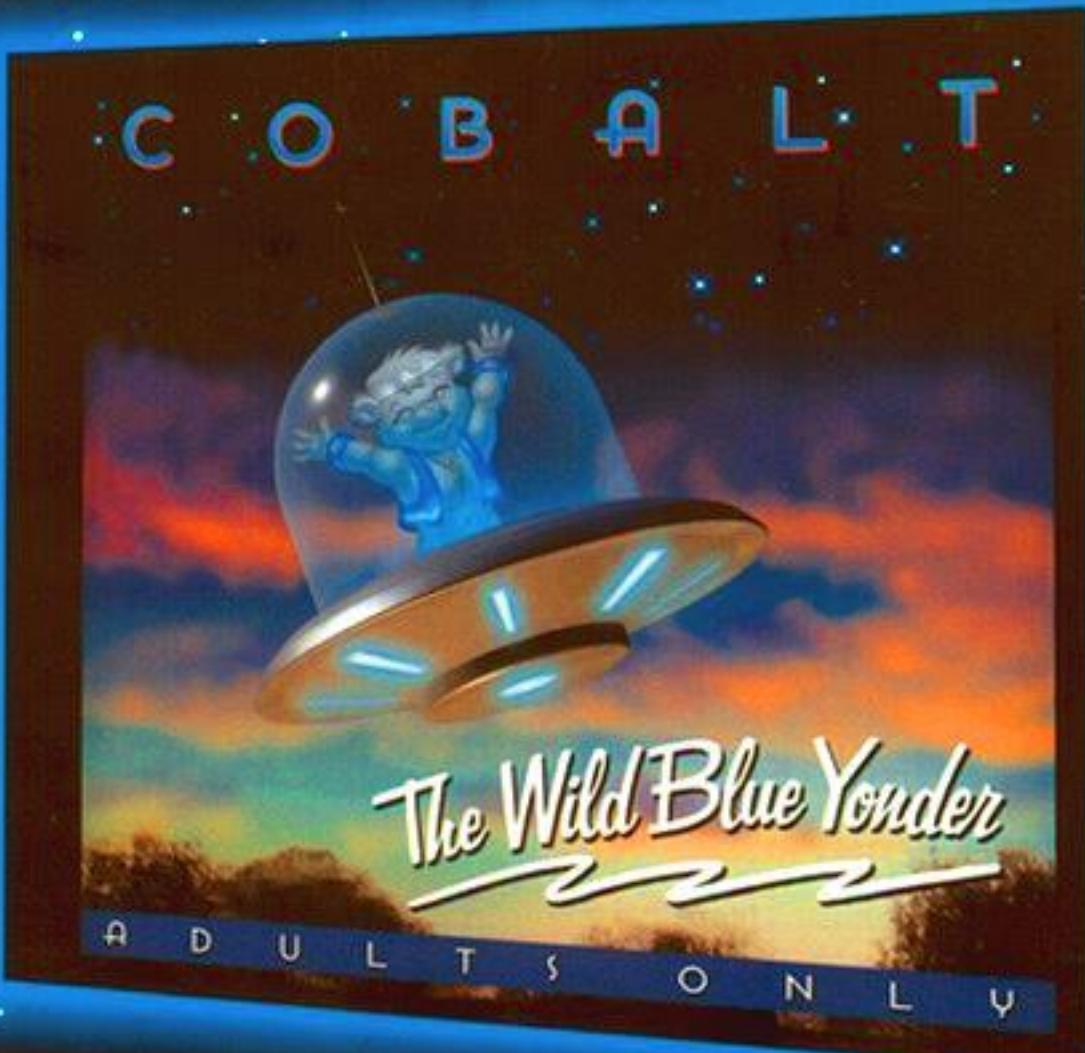
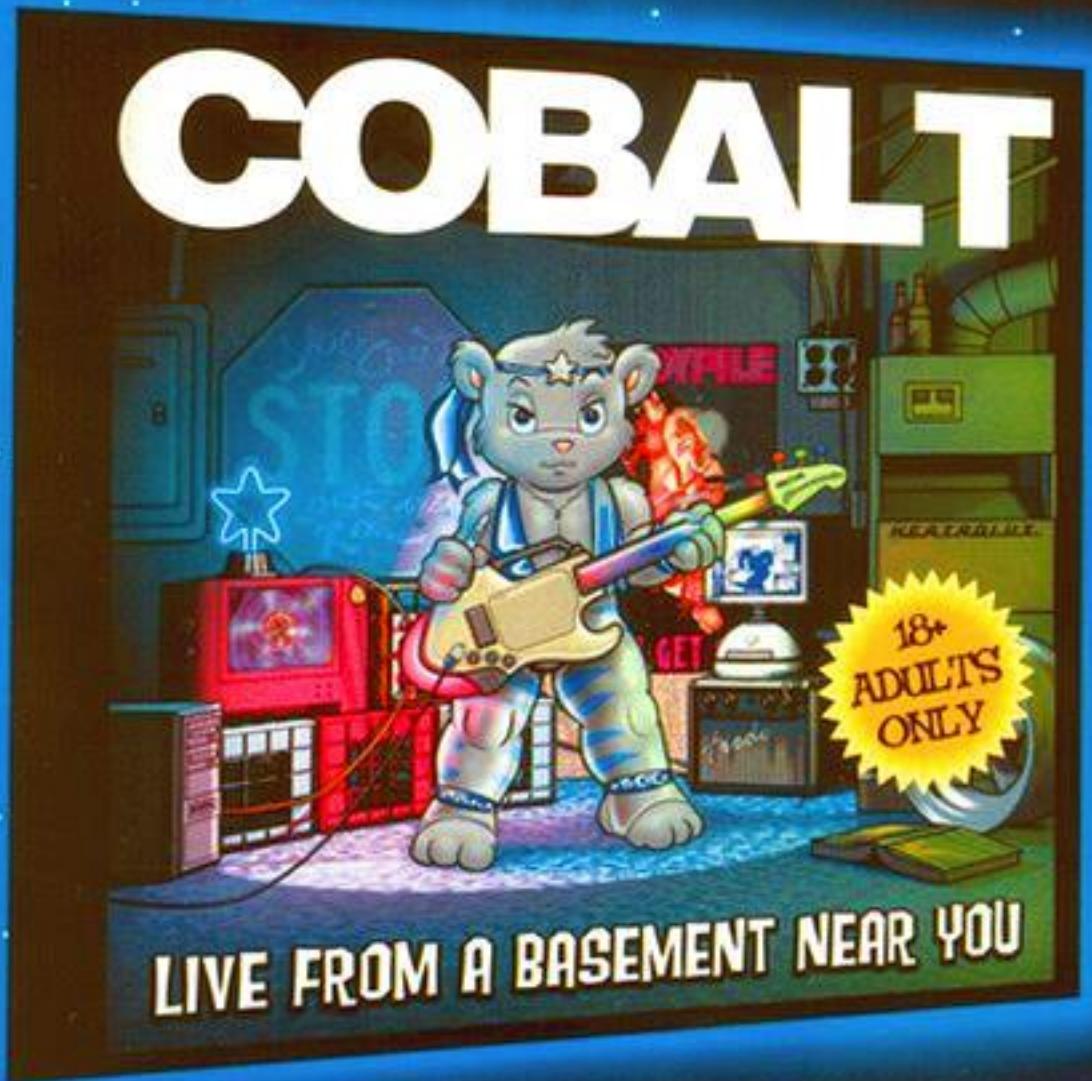
IT WAS *MOAN*...
IT WAS...



DANT-DANT-DAAAAAAH!

WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS "HIM?"
AND WHAT SINISTER PLAN HAS HE DEVISED FOR OUR
INTREPID HEROES? FIND OUT, NEXT TIME IN
ISSUE #2 OF COBALT!

**THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES
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